...The Paramount Christmas
Book

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A PARAMOUNT LINE PUBLICATION

THE PARAMOUNT CHRISTMAS BOOK

No. 5

EXERCISES RECITATIONS PLAYLETS
PANTOMIMES SONGS

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Central BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

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RECITATIONS EXERCISES PLAYLETS
PANTOMIMES SONGS

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PREFACE

THE PARAMOUNT CHRISTMAS BOOK NO. 5 is another one of those surpassing collections of program features that bring surprise and delight to the program committee and smiles, tears and heart throbs to all who come to hear and enjoy.

It has been our aim to include in this volume only such recitations, exercises, dialogs, playlets, pantomimes, drills and songs as would emphasize the real meaning of Christmas in ways most interesting and appealing. We have been successful in our search for just such material and any church or school regardless of size, place or talent available will find their wants fully supplied in this crowning Paramount Christmas book of new and novel numbers.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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FIRST SECTION

RECITATIONS

19201

RECITATIONS

A BRIEF CHRISTMAS SPEECH

(Recitation for a very small child)

I'd like to make a big long speech
Like the sermons preachers preach,
But since I feel I'm getting shy
I guess I'd better say goodbye.

MY GIFT

Do you know what I have for a Christmas gift
For my dear Lord above?
It's something I know he'd like best
My own heart filled with love.

MY CHRISTMAS BELL

I ring this little tinkling bell,
Just listen! Hear it say,
"Tinkle, tinkle, Merry Christmas"
Ringing in glad Christmas Day.

A WEE ONE'S CHRISTMAS WISH

I think this lovely Christmas day
Is slipping all too fast away,
I wish we had a Joshua who
Could make its sun stand still, don't you?

JUST ONCE MORE

You've been wished a Merry Christmas
By your uncles, aunts and brothers,
Let me wish it once more for you,
A wee bit harder than the others.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

(For a Primary child)

Christmas greetings now we offer
Unto you[1] at this glad time,
Christmas greetings that shall ever
Tell you of a love sublime.

Chrismas greetings since His birthday[2]
Helps to brighten all the year,
Christmas greetings and good wishes
For the best of Christmas cheer!

Motions:—[1]Extend hands outward in welcome.
[2]Look upward reverently.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Dear little baby of long ago,
Enter our hearts tonight;
Fill us with joy of the Christmas tide,
Help us to do what is right.

Give us the peace of Thy sweet, holy love,
Help us to grow like Thee;
Help us, O Jesus, today and all days,
Like Thee in Thy goodness to be.

IF YOU WANT A MERRY CHRISTMAS

If you want a merry Christmas
Make it so,
You can do it without holly,
Without snow,
You can do it without money,
Too, you know—
If you want a merry Christmas
Make it so—FOR OTHERS.

TWO BOYS AT CHRISTMAS

Sammie I-Want-This-And-That
In the corner glumly sat;
Pouted all the whole day through
Because there was a thing or two
He did not get.

Little Georgie-Give-Away
Had a lovely Christmas day;
Thought that Santa was so good,
Brought more than he really should—
Had the best time yet.

A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS

Sing a little, smile a little,
On the happy Christmas day.
Take a little bit of trouble
To make others glad and gay.

Sing a little, smile a little,
Speak a kindly word or two,
And, my dear, I'm very certain
Christmas will be kind to you.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS MERRY

Put all the thoughts that you may have
Which center 'round yourself,
Away upon the tip-top of
The very top-most shelf.

Then think and do for others
All through the season's hurry,
And there's no doubt about it
Your Christmas will be merry.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT

I cannot give you folks rich gifts
  Because I have no money,
But I can give a smile to you
  A smile that's glad and sunny.

And I can give a corner of
  My heart to each of you,
O, I'll be glad to do it
  If you want me to!

For since I have no gifts put back
  For you upon the shelf,
I'll do the next best thing and make
  A gift out of myself.

KING OF THE WORLD

One Christmas night gleaming and bright,
  Jesus came down to earth.
While angels sang, glad echoes rang,
  Telling the Savior's birth.

Bethlehem fair, losing all care,
  Slumbered the whole night long;
Saw not the star, beaming afar;
  Heard not the angel song.

'Mid lowing kine, Jesus Divine,
  Slept in the dark and gloom.
Heaven's own Son, God's Holy One,
  For Him there was no room.

Years have rolled by, o'er earth and sky
  Praises to Heaven ring;
For that little child, so lowly and mild,
  Tonight is the world's great King.

IN BETHLEHEM

In Bethlehem, long years ago,
While shepherds watched their sheep,
And all the land was calm and still,
The whole world seemed asleep.

The shepherds dozed, and then they saw
A wondrous, holy light,
And heard a voice, and all the air
Was filled with glory bright.

"Fear not," was what the angel said,
"For unto you is born
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,"
And it was Christmas morn.

We may not go to Bethlehem,
But we can hear Christ say,
"Rejoice, for I have come to you
On this glad Christmas day."

NO ROOM

O, little Inn of Bethlehem,
How could you choose that day
To turn the King of heaven
So cruelly away?
A-down the years the answer comes
In tones tinged deep with gloom
"I did not mean to be unkind,
There merely was no room!"

O, little Inn of Bethlehem,
How like we are to you!
Our lives are crowded to the brim
With this and that to do—
We're not unfriendly to the King
We mean well, without doubt,
We have no hostile feelings,
We merely crowd Him out.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

A little stocking, hung with care,
While dreams of gifts so rich and rare
Float through the minds of tots tonight,
And what will make the eyes shine bright

When that first light of dawn shall show
The little stockings in a row?
And are you doing your full share
To send glad Christmas everywhere?

Is Christ's true spirit in your heart
Of every act and deed a part?
Friend, if it is, then you will know
The Christmas joy where e'er you go.

A little stocking, hung with care—
You'll find its mate 'most anywhere,
So help to spread the Christmas joy
And so delight some girl or boy.

WELCOME

We're glad that you are with us,
  We hope you'll like us lots,
Especially the numbers
  By all the little tots.

We've songs and recitations,
  And dialogues as well,
But *my* part in this program
  Is just to stand and tell

That we are glad to see you,
  And wish you Christmas cheer,
And say we give a program
  Like this once every year.

CHRISTMAS WISHES

I wish I could have heard the song
The angels sang that night
And seen the heavens as they came,
Their great wings gleaming white.

I wish I could have seen the star
That guided Wise Men three
Until they brought their gifts to Him
At the Nativity.

I wish I could have been with them
While shepherds watched their sheep,
When heavenly music, sweet and clear,
Woke some from out their sleep.

I wish—but since these can't come true,
I'll wish instead that I
Might make a happy Christmas time
For others, and I'll try

To make that wish come true myself,
For that's the only way
To honor Him who came to earth
That happy Christmas day.

MULTIPLYING CHRISTMAS

If we like someone very much
At Christmas time we let them know it
By sending them a Christmas card,
Or a Christmas gift to show it.

No doubt our friends are quite as dear
To all of us at other seasons,
But somehow we don't tell them so
For this or that or other reasons.

Perhaps if we made up our minds
To tell our love and scatter cheer
Day after day, we might then have
Lots more Christmases each year.

THE WAY TO FIND THE KING

God sent a gleaming Christmas star
To guide the Wise Men from afar
Across the desert's trackless space
Unto the manger's holy place.
The Wise Men found the new-born king
Because they did the wisest thing
By following the trail of light
God gave to guide them through the night.

If, through the maze of life's long way,
We follow faithfully each day
The rays of light which shine afar
From earth's first guiding Christmas star,
The gleam of light our Father sends
To guide us on to higher ends,
We, too, shall find the heavenly King
And, finding Him, have everything.

WHY WE LOVE CHRISTMAS

We love our happy Christmas day
  Because it is the time
When Jesus came to live on earth,
  Its meaning is sublime.

We love our blessed Christmas day
  Because of His great love
Which fills the hearts of human kind
  As in the heavens above.

We love the joy of Christmas day
  Because its message gives
The joyousness which Christ has taught,
  And in our hearts there lives

The happiness we will not lose
  If we are ever true
And try our best on every day
  The will of God to do.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

When you say "Merry Christmas" just what do you mean?
That it's gay, on the surface is plain to be seen,
But don't you believe we should think when we say
That we hope 'twill be merry, this holy birthday?

Don't you think we should mean that we hope it will be
A day full of happiness such as just He
Who was born on that Christmas so long, long ago
Can give to the hearts who His love really know?

When we say "Merry Christmas" don't you think that we should
Be willing to do every thing that we could
To make Christmas merry for those whom we meet
And help them remember its message so sweet?

When we say "Merry Christmas," let's live it as well
That our every small action its meaning may tell.
Let's make it be merry for the folks that we know,
And the Spirit of Christmas to every one show.

When we say "Merry Christmas," let's make others glad
And try to bring sunshine to those who are sad;
Le's carry the message of Christ's blessed cheer
And the gladness of Christmas to all days in the year.

OUT OF THE EAST THE WISE MEN CAME

(A Christmas Reading)

Out of the east the wise men came,
Over the desert sands,
(Over the shifting, drifting dunes)
From far distant lands.
Led by a star, the wise men came
With camel bells aringing,
With the swish, swish, swish, of padded feet
And the flash of tassels swinging.
They sought a King, and they knew no rest
For the star moved by God's hand.
Out of the east the wise men came
Over the desert sand.

Out of the east the wise men came
To little Bethlehem town,
(To patient, ancient Bethlehem)
Where a white star's light shone down.
To a little house the wise men came,
A house that was warm and sweet;
They entered with rustle of silken robe
To kneel at a child's feet.
Sweet frankincense and gold and myrrh
Before Him they laid down.
Out of the east the wise men came
To little Bethlehem town.

Into the east the wise men went,
By a way that they had not known;
(By a new way, and a true way)
God led them as His own.
With songs of praise the wise men went
And the humble heard them say,
"We have seen the King, we have worshipped Him
The King who shall reign alway."
The rugged hills and the barren plains
Bloomed rich from the seed they had sown,
As into the east the wise men went
By a way that they had not known.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

("Silent Night" is played very soft while a Junior gives this recitation)

Have you shared the Christmas story?
Have you told its message true?
There are others who would gladly
Hear the word of Life from you.
Have you told them how the angels
To the humble shepherds came?
Have you given them the tidings
That the herald did proclaim?

Have you told them how the radiance
From the Christmas star did guide
The band of seeking Magi
To the little Christ-child's side?
Have you told them how this Jesus
Was the Saviour long-foretold
And to Him they brought rich tribute
Of myrrh, frankincense and gold?

Have you told them He's the Saviour
Who alone redeems from sin?
Have you told them He can give them
Peace and joy and love within?
If you have then you will surely
Know the bliss of love sublime,
And, if not, oh, haste to share it
While the bells of Christmas chime.

SECOND SECTION

EXERCISES

EXERCISES

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLES

(An exercise for children wearing red cardboard costumes, or for a number of children carrying red candles in holders.)

All—

We are all Christmas candles,
Some large and some quite small,
No matter what our size may be
We bring good cheer to all.

Two large candles—

Upon a mantle we will shine,
And proudly we will stand
To do our part to spread this cheer
Abroad through all the land.

One candle—

Upon a window sill I'll shine,
Into the night I'll send
My beams to tell of peace on earth,
Good will that shall not end.

One candle—

When Christmas cheer is at its height,
I'll stand so tall and fair
Upon the festive Christmas board
To give my message there.

Very small candle—

I'm very small, but I can shine,
And if I do my best,
I'll have a part in bringing joy
The same as all the rest.

All—

And so we shine, both large and small,
The work of each to bring
That happiness which fills the earth
As hallelujahs ring.

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE CHRISTMAS

A Christmas exercise for any number of children. One may take the part of each helper, or a group of children may represent each. They may be dressed to represent these articles or may wear their usual clothing and carry bells, etc. An older child asks the question. As soon as the answers are given, the children step to the back or one side until all are through.

Question—What does it take to make Christmas?

Bells—

It takes the church bells ringing clear,
To spread the message far and near;
It takes the little paper bells—
The big ones, too—and each one tells
That Christmas joy and happiness
Have come the weary world to bless.

Candles—

It takes the candles, gleaming bright,
To send the message through the night;
Like stars they twinkle and they glow,
Till far across the winter snow
They speak of Christ, the new born king
Who lasting joy to earth would bring.

Trees—

It takes the jolly Christmas trees
The little folks each year to please;
With gifts their branches all are hung,
Around them Christmas carols sung,
They make a happy, happy day,
Each one in its own merry way.

Stockings—

It takes the stockings side by side
Hung by the cheery chimney wide;
They bulge from top clear down to toe,
Chock full of little gifts, you know;
Without them joy is not complete,
For honest cheer they're hard to beat.

Dolls—

For little girls you know that dolls
With what boys call their folderols
Make Christmas just the gladdest time
That ever was in prose or rhyme.
Yes, dolls must be a great big part
Of Christmas to the small girl's heart.

Drums—

Now boys think Christmas means a drum,
They dearly love to beat and strum,
So drums must be on every list,
Don't let the faithful drum be missed,
For Christmas day would lose its joy
If drums weren't there—so says the boy.

Candy—

It takes a lot of candy, too,
And nuts and things, I'm telling you,
To make the day all it should be
To little folks like you and me.
Oh, Christmas day is mighty fine
When all the helpers fall in line.

Toys—

It takes an awful lot of toys
To satisfy the girls and boys,
But Christmas is a time to give,
A time when all hearts love to live,
And giving brings them greatest joy,
And blessings true without alloy.

Holly—

It takes the holly berries red,
When everything is done and said
They bring a joyous, happy cheer
Found nowhere else in all the year;
We love the holly berries gay
Because of what they mean today.

Christmas music—

It takes the music, sweet and clear,
Which every Christian loves to hear,
The music telling Christ was born
That far off happy Christmas morn;
The Christmas songs are needed too
To bring the message of the day to you.

Bible—

Our Christmas day would never be
Just what it should to you and me
Could we not read the story old,
Worth many times its weight in gold,
The story of the dear Christ child,
And of his mother, meek and mild.

All—

It takes all these to make the day,
And happy we go on our way
Because these helpers, each one true,
And each one glad his part to do
Have done their best at Christmas time
To make the message rich, sublime.

CHRISTMAS WISHES

All—

Hark to the wishes that abide
In the hearts of us at the Christmas tide.

First Child—

May the Christ Child live in the hearts of you
And bless your lives the whole year through.

Second Child—

May your life be richer along the way
Because of this blessed Christmas day.

Third Child—

May the carols re-echo loud and long
The gladsome joy of the Christmas song.

Fourth Child—

May the spirit of Christmas linger near
Making you kindly throughout the year.

Fifth Child—

May you all come back next Christmas day
To listen to what we have to say.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

The Star of Bethlehem is an older girl who wears a long white robe and a silver star in her hair. The Star Beams (Love, Peace, Joy, Hope, Salvation) are dressed in similar fashion with the addition of a blue band, fastened diagonally from shoulder to underarm, on which the name of the Beam appears in silver letters. The Star Beams are younger girls.

The pianist plays softly "Star of the East" and the Bethlehem Star enters slowly and gracefully. The music continues as she speaks.

Bethlehem Star—

In ages past when the wise men prayed
To God for His perfect light,
He placed a star in the eastern sky
To guide them through the night.

Over the rockstrewn hills and plains,
O'er burning desert trails
Westward ever they journeyed, led
By One who never fails.

God's signal torch went on before;
They followed night and day
Till it came to rest o'er the wee low house
Where the mother and Baby lay.

And all the folks in Bethlehem town
Whispered it near and far,
That the men who came to worship the Child
Were led by a high white star.

(Stepping forward)

I am that Star of Bethlehem
And no more I light the sky,
But I dwell in the thoughts and hearts of men
Though centuries pass by.

My Beams, of God's own light divine
Over the world have spread,
To lead the men of every race
To Bethlehem's manger bed.

(The five Star Beams enter, skipping lightly in time to the music. They skip around the Star of Bethlehem twice, then take their places, in front of the Star, Love to the right, then Peace, Joy, Hope and Salvation.)

Star Beams *(hand in hand, repeating in unison)*—

We are the Beams of the Bethlehem Star,
O'er land and sea we travel far.

(They drop hands until they repeat the last verse in unison.)

Love—

I tell a world that has waited long
Of God, the Father's love,
Who gave men Jesus, the richest gem
Of the heavenly kingdom above.

John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have ever lasting life."

Peace—

To burdened hearts and weary minds
I softly whisper, "Peace!
Behold, the Prince of Peace is come;
His reign shall never cease."

Isaiah 9:6, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Hope—

"Hope thou, O soul," these words I give
To saddened ones that mourn,
"The author of eternal life
Was in a manger born."

I Tim. 1:1, "The Lord Jesus Christ * * * is our hope."

Joy—

To all men everywhere I say,
"Lay by thy sins and sorrows;
Rejoice, for Christ the Saviour gives
Thee strength for thy tomorrows."

Luke 2:10, "And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people!' "

Salvation:

Glorious news I bring to all;
"Christ can save the soul from sin.
He lived, beloved, at last he gave
His life the lost to win."

I Tim. 1:15, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Star Beams *(in unison)*—

To all men everywhere we go,
The red and yellow, black and white;
We tell that Christ the Lord is born,
And lead them to his Perfect Light.

(The Star Beams skip lightly about the Bethlehem Star, and skip off the stage. The Bethlehem Star follows more slowly.)

CHRISTMAS BELLS

(Question and answer exercise for two groups of children)

First Group—
Have you heard the joy bells ringing,
Have you heard their merry chime,
As the bells are gaily swinging
At this happy Christmas time?

Second Group—
Yes, we know the bells are ringing
For there's peace on earth to-day,
Since the shepherds heard the singing
Of the angels' wondrous lay.

First Group—
Will the bells of peace cease chiming?
Will the joy bells fail to ring?
Will the bells of hope cease pealing
For the glory of the King?

Second Group—
No, the bells of peace will ever
Echo forth their songs of cheer.
Bells of joy and hope will ever
Ring their message loud and clear.

First Group—
Will the Christmas bells resound
Praises unto Christ for aye,
Till His blessings shall abound
All along our earthly way?

Second Group—
Yes, the bells will tell their story,
Sound their praises to our king,
Till with Him in realms of glory
With the angels we shall sing.

All—
Ring on, happy bells of Christmas,
Ring out hope and joy and peace!
Ring on, happy bells of Christmas,
Jesus' reign will never cease!

HEAR THE CHRISTMAS BELLS!

(For a leader and a group of younger children. Sleigh bells may be rung during the recitation by the little ones.)

Hear the Christmas bells,
  Ringing sweet and clear,
As they now proclaim the birth
  Of one we hold so dear.
Hear them as they ring,
  Joyful songs of praise,
In the name of Christ our King,
  Who brightens all our days.

While the joybells ring,
  On this happy day,
Let us haste to worship Christ
  And serve Him all the way.
Let us do His will
  Ev'ry where we go,
Unto others let us tell
  The story we all know.

Group—(*May be sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells"*)

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,—
  Listen while they ring!
Oh, the merry Christmas bells,—
  Ting-a-ling, a ling.
Christmas bells, Christmas bells,—
  Listen while they ring,
Oh, the merry Christmas bells,
  Ting-a-ling, a-ling.

BLESSED TIDINGS FROM ABOVE

(For a leader and a group of little children who recite the ible verse)

Leader—

Merry bells are sweetly chiming,
O'er the world there's joy to-day!
Happy voices now are singing
Christmas carols, day by day,
Telling of Messiah's glory
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Telling forth the precious story
Of the gift of God from heav'n.

For it is the blessed birthday
Of our Saviour, Lord and King,
And we'll render praises alway
While the Christmas carols ring.
While the stars of faith still brighten
All our footsteps as they guide,
Like the wise men let us hasten
With our gifts this Christmas-tide.

Let us serve Him ever gladly,
Spread His tidings far and wide,
While the merry bells chime sweetly
At this happy Christmas-tide.
Let us bow in adoration
To the blessed Lord above;
Let us tell to ev'ry nation
Of His goodness and His love.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will ward men."

AT THE BLESSED CHRISTMAS TIME

(For four Primary boys. Each holds a holly branch)

First—

Do you wonder why we're gay,
Why we stand in glad array?
We have heard the glad bells chime
(All in unison, waving holly—)
At the blessed Christmas time.

Second—

So with holly branches bright
We make gay this festal night,
And the story tell in rhyme
(All in unison, waving holly—)
At the blessed Christmas time.

Third—

Long ago Christ came to earth
As the King of priceless worth,
And since then sweet carols chime
(All in unison, waving holly—)
At the blessed Christmas time.

Fourth—

Will you worship Him to-day,
Will you crown Him King alway
And accept His love sublime
(All in unison, waving holly—)
At the blessed Christmas time?

All—

"Call his name Jesus; he shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest."

CANDLE DRILL

An exercise for sixteen girls, or any number divisible by five with one remainder. On a darkened platform the girls appear from two sides, each carrying a lighted candle, which should be firmly held in a metal holder with a handle, doing away with possibility of danger. The lines pass each other, turning right and left to the sides, meeting in the back and approaching the front double file. Turning right and left again, they go to the extreme front corners of the platform, then turn and march diagonly across the platform. Turning sharply, they march up the sides, standing in two lines on the opposite sides of the platform. Side stepping until the two lines meet near the center, those at the back stand still while the others step in such a way as to make the two lines form "V," the "extra" girl making the point, standing at the center back. This girl moves forward until she stands as near the exact center of the platform as possible. The others then step to the positions necessary to form a five pointed star. "Star of the East" or some similar number should be played softly during the entire drill.

THIRD SECTION

PANTOMIMES AND PLAYLETS

PANTOMIMES AND PLAYLETS

WAKEN JESUS CHILD OF HEAVEN

Recitation and pantomime for seven girls wearing white dresses, silver paper bands round head and strands of silver tinsel with loose ends around wrists. One recites, six stand in a semi-circle and make the gestures.)

Recitation—

Waken[1] Jesus, Child of heaven,[2]
Brightly gleams the morning light,
Angels lullabies we're singing
O'er[3] Thy cradle through the night.

Love a tender watch[4] is keeping
Sunshine floods the world to-day,
Joyful welcome[5] we will give Thee,
Dwell[6] with us dear Lord for aye.

Waken[1] Jesus, King of glory,
Loud and clear our voices swell.
At Thy lowly shrine we worship,[7]
Hail,[8] all hail Emmanuel!

(If desired, music can be played during the recitation, but not loud enough to drown the young girl's voice.)

Gestures—[1]Throw hands out and up. [2]Point up. [3]Hold hands out, palms downwards. [4]Lean forward as if watching some one in a bed. [5]Wave right hand. [6]Lay right hand on breast. [7]Fold hands across breast, and bow head. [8]Hold hands up and look up.

OVER THE HILLS OF BETHLEHEM

(Recitation and pantomime for seven girls, all dressed in white, loose flowing sleeves, green wreaths on head, green sashes fastened on left shoulder, and right side of waist. One recites, the six stand in a semi-circle and make the gestures.)

Over[1] the hills of Bethlehem,
The stars shone clear and bright,
Out[2] in the fields the Shepherds watched,[3]
To guard their flocks at night,
Softly the winds swept to[4] and fro,
Deep silence ev'rywhere,[5]
Even the night birds ceased to float[6]
Upon the balmy air.
Wide[7] swung the pearly gates above,[8]
Angels sped joyful down,
Only the shepherds heard their song,
Slumb'ring[9] lay Bethle'm town;
Happy the tidings that they bring,[10]
"The Christ is born to you."[11]
Go to the lowly manger bed,
Give[10] Him your homage true,
Over[1] His bed a shining star,
Shone with a heav'nly glow,
Guiding to him, the Son of God,[8]
Those who the way would know.
Come[10] sing His praise one and all,
Hail[12] Him with dear delight,
Bow[13] at His feet in reverence,
This is a Holy[14] night.

Gestures (made by the six)—[1]Hold hands out at head level, palms downwards. [2]Point outwards. [3]Lean forward, right hand shading eyes. [4]Move right hand with sweeping motion to and fro. [5]Describe a semi-circle outwards with right hand. [6]Make motion as of birds flying. [7]Throw arms open wide. [8]Point up. [9]Close eyes, fold hands, and lay left cheek upon them. [10]Hold hands out, palms upwards. [11]Point outwards. [12]Wave right hand. [13]Kneel. [14]Fold hands across breast and bow head, while "Holy Night" is being played softly.

CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT

(Pantomime and song for eight girls, strands of gold tinsel wound round head and wrists. One with good voice sings the hymn. The seven standing in a semi-circle make the gestures. They wear white dresses.)

Calm on the Listening[1] ear of night,
Come heav'n's[2] melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches[3] far,
Her silver mantled plains,
Celestial choirs from courts above,[2]
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres,[4]
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine,
Send back[6] the glad reply,
And greet[7] from all their holy heights
The day spring from on high.[2]
O'er[8] the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier[9] calm
And Sharon waves[7] in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory[10] to God," the lofty strain,
The realm of ether fills,[11]
How sweeps[12] the song of solemn joy
O'er[8] Judea's sacred hills.
"Glory[10] to God!" the sounding skies,
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth, good-will[13] to men,
From heav'n's[2] celestial King."

Gestures (made by the seven)—[1]Lean forward in listening attitude. [2]Point up. [3]Stretch arms open wide. [4]Make motion as if playing small harp. [5]Point out and up. [6]Throw hands toward face. [7]Wave right hand. [8]Hold hands out at head level, palms downward. [9]Fold hands across breast. [10]Hold hands up and look up. [11]Describe a semi-circle at head level. [12]Move right hand held at head level, with sweeping motion from left to right. [13]Hold hands out, PALMS upwards.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

Platform in darkness. Electrically lighted star or a star of some bright material (either pasteboard covered with tinfoil, or a metal star) should be suspended at one side. If electricity is used, it should be turned on at the proper time. If the other, a light should be so arranged as to be reflected by the star. If the star can be moved along a wire, it will add to the effectiveness. If it can not be moved, let it be stationed at the extreme side of the platform. Just below it should be a manger formed of boards. A woman (girl) should sit in it, dressed in the long, loose robes of the Oriental, her face partly covered. A man in a short tunic, should stand just behind the manger, looking down at the woman, whose arms are held as if cradling a child.

The Wise Men are dressed in long, loose robes with girdles about their waists and turbans on their heads. Bath robes may be used, the colors being different for each man.

A curtain may be pulled to disclose the manger at the proper time. 1st Stanza—The Wise Men appear on the extreme edge of the platform, opposite that on which the manger is arranged. As the first words are sung, they look up joyfully and see the star, which appears at that instant.

2nd Stanza—Gathering the folds of their robes about them, they walk across the platform, their eyes on the star.

3rd Stanza—They kneel before the manger, offering their gifts.

At the third line of the third stanza representatives of various organizations in the church may march to the platform bringing their gifts. They may sing as they come. After depositing the gifts before the manger, they turn and sing the fourth stanza with bowed heads.

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Costumes—Angels—white robes. The wing effect may be secured by sewing three cornered pieces of white to the back of the robe in such a way that loops fastened to the free corners and

slipped over the fingers make the spread of the wing when the arms are raised.

Shepherds—loose robes, some rather short, material a trifle coarse. Carry crooks and staves.

Sages—long, loose robes of different colors, finer materials than those of shepherds, turbans, girdles; carry scrolls which they seem to be studying earnestly.

Saints—white robes.

1st Stanza—The angels "fly" across the platform, moving with stately, yet rapid, motions. They may pass one another several times, giving the appearance of covering the entire territory.

2nd Stanza—Shepherds on the floor, some lying down, some sitting up, some walking about. If a star is available, it may appear during the singing of this stanza.

3rd Stanza—Wise Men study their scrolls. The star appears and they follow it.

4th Stanza—Saints kneeling in prayer. Bright light. They look up joyously.

THE GIFT SUPREME

Stage setting—rather bare. If a light can be so arranged as to shine on the angels, it will add to the effectiveness.

Characters:

Jared, Lemuel, Samson, Bartholemew—shepherds, lose robes, staves and crooks.

Levi—a little boy.

Angels—loose white robes. If a three cornered piece of white is sewed to the back of the robe in such a way that loops in the corners may be slipped over the fingers, an effect of wings will be produced when the arms are raised.

(Semi darkness. Voices outside sing the first stanza of "It Came upon the Midnight Clear." The shepherds and Levi are

reclining at the extreme right. As the music proceeds, they stir restlessly.)

Levi *(sleepily)*—Father! Father!

Jared—Yes, my son.

Levi—Father, are you there?

Jared—I am here, my son. What troubles thee?

Levi—I thought I heard voices.

Jared—It was the shepherds talking among themselves.

Levi—No, father. I know their voices. It was something else, like angels singing.

Lemuel *(crossly)*—Bid the boy be still. We want to sleep.

Jared—Be still, my son. You do disturb the rest.

Levi *(as second stanza starts)*—There, father, don't you hear it? *(Pointing as angel forms appear at extreme left.)* See father, there are the angels.

(The music grows louder and the light brighter. The shepherds stir, then sit up. The voices cease.)

Lemuel—It's a pity a man can't sleep in peace!

Levi *(wonderingly)*—But the song said there would be peace on earth and good will to all men.

Lemuel—I'll take *my* peace in sleep, not songs that make the night hideous.

(Angles stand with wings outspread, a light shining on them, while hidden choir sings third stanza.)

Bartholemew *(earnestly)*—Complain not, Lemuel. There must be something more than sound to this, some mystery of God beyond our comprehension.

Lemuel (*bitterly*)—Jehovah hath forgotten us. We are oppressed and torn with many griefs.

Levi *(joyously)*—Then the song was about us. It said, "And ye beneath life's crushing load." Didn't you hear it?

Lemuel *(rising and turning away)*—I would be free from all this childish prattle, and find my rest. Such talk is not for men. *(Stalks away, right, angrily.)*

Bartholemew—I would he were not so wrathful.

Samson—The song recalls prophetic words I had well nigh forgotten. Isaiah spake of rest and peace when he said, "they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

Bartholemew—And again, he said, "Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." Too long have the chosen people of the Lord been held in bondage.

Jared—Could I believe it is of this the song speaks 'twould be music to my ears, no matter when I slept.

Levi *(as music starts again)*—Listen, father, listen! It speaks of prophecy.

(All listen attentively through the fourth stanza.)

Bartholemew—Most marvelous! I would hear more.

Samson—And so would I.

Levi *(as strains of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" are heard, and angels stand in protective attitude)*—Another song! O, father, let us hear it all.

Bartholemew *(as the song is finished)*—I do recall that Micah said, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." Perchance 'tis given us to see fulfillment of this prophecy.

Jared—Then blessed would we be among the sons of men.

Samson—Aye, blessed indeed! Would that I knew.

(Using the hymn "Hark, what mean those holy voices?", Bartholemew sings the first two lines of the first stanza, the hidden choir the next four, and the angels the last two. The angels then sing the second stanza and the first four lines of the third. The shepherds rise and sing the last four lines of the third stanza.)

Samson—Come, let us go and see this thing which has come to pass.

Jared—'Twould seem we should take gifts.

Bartholemew—The finest of the flock.

Levi *(pulling at his father's garments)*—Father, may I take a gift to Him?

Jared—What would you give, my son?

Levi—My precious little lamb, and then—oh, father, I would

ke to give myself to go with Him all of the way, to be His fol-ower forever more.

Bartholemew—"Of the increase of His government there shall e no end." He will need followers, and all of us should number n that host.

Samson—Thou hast said well. Come, let us go.

Jared—Perhaps Lemuel will join us as we journey to the place.

Bartholemew—But we will go in spite of all he says. There al-ways have been those who did hang back.

Levi *(happily)*—And we shall see the King and worship Him, nd give Him all we have.

(Hidden choir and shepherds join in singing "O Come, all ye Faithful." Shepherds leave, still singing.)

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

(Mary, Bobbie, Alice, Nellie, Jack and Ted sitting on the floor n a semi-circle. Some may have toys and dolls.)

Mary—What do you want for Christmas? It's 'most here, you now.

Bobbie—I know what I want—a new sled. The snow is just ight now, and my old one isn't pretty any more.

Alice—Why, I thought it was a nice looking sled, Bob.

Jack—I know a fellow who would be happy with it.

Bobbie—I feel sorry for him if he hasn't anyhing better than hat!

Mary—Well, I 'spose it's all right to want what you want.

Bobbie—'Course it is. That's why we have Christmas—to get what we want.

Nellie—That isn't what Miss Esther said Sunday.

Bobbie—Miss Esther's a girl, and girls don't know.

Jack *(seriously)*—Miss Esther isn't the only one who says it, nd it isn't just fair to talk that way, Bob.

Mary—Well, let's don't argue. What do you want, Ted?

Ted—It's sort of hard to tell, 'cause it isn't just for myself.

Bobbie—But you're supposed to think of yourself Christmas!

Ted—P'rhaps, but I've found out I'm happier when I think of somebody else.

Bobbie—Such a funny idea for Christmas!

Alice—*I* don't think it's funny. I think it's *nice.*

Nellie—I'd like to hear what it is.

Jack—So would I.

Mary—I wish you'd tell us, Ted.

Ted—Well, my uncle is a doctor, you know, and the other day I heard him telling mother about a family where the father has been sick a long time, and they haven't much money. The children won't have any Christmas at all unless somebody helps them. and I was wishing I could give them some toys.

Bobbie—Not any Christmas at all?

Ted—That's what my uncle said. The mother had thought she could fix up a few things, but the father got worse again and she couldn't do the washings for people, and so they won't even have a Christmas dinner.

Bobbie *(slowly)*—And I suppose they want things, same as we do.

Ted—Most likely. There's a boy about my age. then two little girls, and a baby.

Alice *(clapping her hands)*—I know what let's do! Let's give them a Christmas ourselves.

Mary—How?

Alice *(looking from one to the other eagerly)*—Well, you see every one of us has some money to spend, and we could use part of it for them.

Ted—And we could fix up some of our own things for them too.

Nellie—I have a doll that's perfectly good, only she needs some new clothes. She says mamma and everything. I know my mother would let me give her to one of those little girls.

Jack—I'll give that boy my wind-up train.

Mary—And I'll give the baby the Teddy Bear I keep sitting on my bed.

Bobbie *(in astonishment)*—Do you really mean that?

Mary—Of course I do!

Bobbie—But I' thought you liked that best of everything.

Mary—'Spose I do? Isn't that a pretty good sign some one else would like it too?

Bobbie—Maybe you think you'll get a bigger one for Christmas.

Mary *(slowly)*—No-o-oo. I'll just do without.

Bobbie—But why?

Mary—Do you remember what Miss Esther told us about the Baby Jesus and the Wise Men bringing their gifts to Him?

Bobbie—Yes, but that was years and years and years ago.

Mary—I know, but when Jesus was grown up, He said what people did for other folks because they loved Him was done for Him, and—and—and, well, Christmas is His birthday, and I'd like to do something for Him.

Ted—That's what I thought, only I couldn't say it.

Nellie—My, I'm glad you told us about that family, Ted. I believe my mother will help give them a dinner.

Alice—And so will mine.

Jack—And I'll ask dad if I' can't carry over some wood from the pile I' chopped last week.

Bobbie *(with an effort)*—Well, I guess I can do something too. I'll give my sled.

Mary—Here it is almost time to go home, and we haven't told what we want for Christmas.

Alice—It was more fun telling what we could do for some one else.

Bobbie—I'll say it was, but I wouldn't have believed it. I'm going to give that boy a base ball bat and mitt too. I got a dandy for my birthday, and I already had one. I—I'll give him the nicest.

Jack—I say, Bob, that's fine of you.

Bobbie *(with growing enthusiasm)*—And I b'lieve my mother'll let me give them some of the books my brother had—

Nellie—I wish it wasn't time to stop. This has been more fun than anything.

Mary—Miss Esther will be glad, I know.

Bobbie—I'm sorry I said that about girls.

Mary—Oh, that's all right. Anybody can make a mistake.

Bobbie—Well, I'm not going to make any more like that! Why, I'm more anxious for Christmas than I was when we came here.

Ted—So am I.

Alice—Let's take the things ourselves as we go to church Christmas Eve.

Ted—We're bringing peace on earth and good will to men a little bit when we do things for other people.

Bobbie—And to ourselves too. This is going to be the jolliest Christmas ever.

(All rise and leave.)

THE STORY MOTHER TOLD

Stage setting—Comfortable living room with open fire place and at least one softly shaded lamp; one large easy chair, near which is a small stool; one low rocker; curtained spaces at rear to resemble windows.

Characters—Mother; John, about ten; Mary, eight; Bobby, six; Baby Bess, three.

John *(standing at the window and pulling the curtains to one side)*—Look, mother, the snow is falling fast now. We are going to have a white Christmas after all.

Mary *(on the low stool)*—I wonder why it is we always want snow on the ground for Christmas.

Bobby *(from his place in the chair with his mother)*—Because it is so pretty, of course.

Baby *(in mother's lap)*—Tell us a story, mother.

Mother *(smiling)*—What shall it be?

John *(leaving the window and drawing the low rocker near his mother's chair)*—The Christmas story, please. This is just the night for it. That story is always new, no matter how many times we have heard it.

(First strains of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" are heard outside.)

Mary *(holding up a finger for silence)*—Listen! They are singing. Isn't it beautiful?

(All listen intently as the hidden choir sings the song.)

Mary *(sighing as the song is finished)*—That's 'most the prettiest song in the world, isn't it?

Mother—I always loved it.

John—All the Christmas songs are pretty, I think.

Bobby—Mother, I thought you were going to tell us a story.

Mother—And part of the story was in that song, my dear. Didn't you hear it?

Bobby *(snuggling closer to her)*—I like best to hear you tell it.

Mother—Where shall I begin?

Mary *(eagerly)*—With the shepherds watching their sheep. Don't you know, mother?

Mother—Very well, then. The shepherds were watching their sheep out on the plains of Judea, and—

John *(interrupting)*—There's a song about that, too, isn't there?

Mary—Wouldn't it be wonderful if they would sing it right now?

Mother—Listen, I think I hear it.

(Hidden choir sings "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night.")

Bobby *(as the song is finished)*—That song told a story too, didn't it?

Mother—Yes, dear. I am glad you heard it that time. It is a good thing to be able to hear the stories beautiful music tells.

Mary—Go on from there, mother. Tell what the shepherds did after the angels sang.

John—Listen again. I think they are beginning, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

(Hidden choir sings "Hark the Herald Angels Sing.")

Mary—The songs never helped our story so much before, did

they, mother? It seems almost as if they were planned for us tonight, doesn't it?

Baby *(sitting up)*—Pretty songs.

John—Even the baby likes them. Do you suppose there are people in the world wo do not like songs, mother?

Mother—Oh, yes, a few, but I believe most people love music down deep in their hearts.

Mary—I should think they would like the Christmas music anyway.

John—There's more to the story than the songs told, mother. You tell us that.

Mother—Suppose you bring me the Bible, son, and I'll read the story as it is written in Luke.

(John opens the Bible as he brings it and she reads Luke 2:1-20.)

Bobby—It was right in a manger, wasn't it?

Mary—A long time ago I learned a song about that. Shall I sing it?

Mother—We would be glad to hear it, dear.

(Mary sings "Away in a manger.")

Bobby—I would have let Him have my bed, mother.

Mother—Of course you would, dear.

Bobby *(sitting up very straight and speaking with great earnestness)*—May I, mother? Will you let me?

Mother *(hugging him)*—The little baby Jesus doesn't need your bed tonight, dear. This story happened a long time ago.

John *(thoughtfully)*—But isn't it true, mother, that the things we do for other people because we love Him He counts as being done for Him today?

Mary *(excitedly)*—That's why we give Christmas presents, isn't it?

John—That isn't why some folks give them. They do it just so they'll get something back.

Mary—But they aren't giving because it's Jesus' birthday and they love Him.

John *(very slowly)*—That's so, isn't it? They are missing the spirit of Christmas when they give that way.

Mother—They surely are.

Bobby—But go on with the story!

Mother—Here is another beautiful part of the story. (*Reads Matthew* 2:1-14.)

Bobby—They gave the baby presents, too, didn't they?

Mary—Those were really the first Christmas presents, weren't they?

Mother—Yes, I believe they were.

John—I am sure they gave presents just because they loved Him so.

Mary—And so am I.

John—That's the way I am going to give presents.

Mary—And so am I, even if—

Mother—Better not say it, dear. Let's think only kind thoughts at Christmas.

Mary—If everybody thought kind thoughts, the song "Joy to the World" would come true, wouldn't it?

John—I hadn't thought of that, but I guess it's true, all right.

Mary—There! They are singing it now.

(All sit quietly as the hidden choir sings "Joy to the World." Lights are turned low as if the fire were dying out. Mother and children sit silent. Bobby leans sleepily against mother, Baby closes her eyes and relaxes in mother's arms. Mary, John and mother watch the fire.)

Mary *(as the song is ended)*—What a wonderful day Christmas is!

John *(reverently)*—"Peace on earth, good will to men." I can almost hear the angels say those words.

Mother—If each of us keeps peace in our own heart, we shall be helping His peace to come, for we shall have good will in our own hearts toward all men.

(The curtain may be drawn as they sit silently, listening to the hidden choir sing, "Silent Night.")

WHEN MOTHER DREAMS OF CHRISTMAS

Stage setting—Living room of an old fashioned country home. Either a very plain fire place or a heating stove; rag carpet; table covered with red cloth; table or hanging lamp; two large, old fashioned rockers, arranged as if for two people to sit by the fire; dotted Swiss curtains hung as if at windows; Christmas decorations pinned to the curtains; potted plants on window sills or an old style plant stand (some blooming geraniums if possible); a candle in a low holder on the table; an organ in one corner of the room.

Mother is dressed in an old fashioned, long dress, with a white apron tied about her waist; her hair is parted in the middle and coiled in a knot at the nape of her neck; she is sitting in one of the rockers, care being taken that her back is not to the audience.

A group of adults and children, representing her children and grandchildren.

Mother *(rocking slowly)*—I had sort of hoped the children would come home tonight. Seems kinda lonesome since father went away. *(Wipes her eyes.)* I've tried to fix everything just like he would want it, just like we used to do together. *(Looks about the room critically)* I've got wreaths hung at the windows, and the candle is all ready to light when it's good and dark. *(Rocks again.)* Don't seem as if it really was Christmas again. My land, but time flies! Why, I can remember back to when the children was all little and father and I didn't have money to buy presents. Bless their hearts, they had a good time with our home made toys. *(Smiles. Rocks more and more slowly until she stops entirely.)* Hattie loved that little doll father whittled out of wood and I dressed with scraps more'n she loved any doll she ever had. I can see her yet. I b'lieve that doll's up in the attic now. I'm goin' to get it out tomorrow and let the little folks see what it was like. And the tree's all set up in the parlor. Mebbe it was foolish to be so sure they'd come. I guess Christmas meant more to father and me than any other day, 'cause it was so much fun to see the children with their toys. Of course, after they grew up, they wasn't here so much, but we'd set here by the fire and talk about the old days, and it almost seemed like they come back

while we was talkin'. That's why I'm talkin' to myself tonight, I guess.

Well, times change, I guess. Anyway, that's what father used to tell me, and he said I shouldn't worry because our sons and daughters didn't want to do just the way I always did. He was right, too, and now our own Hattie is wonderin' why her daughter can't see that *her* way is best. *(Laughs.)* My stars! I can remember easy enough when Hattie was terrible fussed because father and I didn't want her to go with that Higgins boy. *(Rocks briskly.)* She's glad enough now, though, that she married John Green an' that she don't have to be ashamed of havin' gone with Bill Higgins. *(Rocks silently a few minutes. Voices outside sing "Silent Night." She relaxes and stops rocking, leaning back with her eyes closed.)* My, ain't they pretty? I didn't suppose anybody was near enough so's I could hear 'em sing. Makes me think of Christmas when Katie was home and played the organ.

I thought sure John and Hattie and the children would come over 'fore this time. Most likely the rest won't get in till the late train. I made up all the beds upstairs, and laid out a whole pack of stockings to hang up. Father always had a line stretched 'gainst the wall back of the table. 'Most forgot that. *(Gets up briskly and steps out of the room, returning with a heavy cord which she stretches in the right place, testing it with her hands before sitting down again.)* There, that's done. Now, let me see if I've got everything ready. My, wouldn't it be nice? Katie's thinkin' o' gettin' married, and I told her just to bring the young man along. There's plenty of room, and plenty to eat. Jim's a famous lawyer now, but he won't forget his mother or his old home. Tom's a doctor now. *(Laughs.)* I remember how he used to be doctorin' everything on the place when he was a little boy. He had the Plymouth Rock rooster's leg in splints one time, and even tried to bandage old Dobbin's shoulder. Well, it was good practice, and I'm glad he did it. But here I am, thinkin' of what happened long ago and forgettin' to think of what may happen pretty soon. *(Sits bolt upright in her chair, and counts on her fingers.)* I'd hate to have the children come home and not find enough to eat.

Let me see—I made five mince pies. Tom always liked them,

and even if he is a doctor, I reckon he'll take a second piece. Then there's six big punkin pies. Little Tom likes them, and I know perfectly well that city cook of theirs can't bake good punkin pies. Like as not she uses canned punkin, and maybe even canned milk, or no milk at all. The plum pudding's all ready. The turkey's stuffed, and a couple of chickens besides. I don't want anybody to go hungry, not when they're visiting *me*. The cellar's pretty well filled with jams and butters and preserves and jellies, to say nothing of pickles and just plain canned fruit.

(Music outside again. She leans forward a little at first, then sits back and enjoys the singing of "O Little Town of Bethlehem.") Well, now ain't that nice? Sounds like the choir in that big church I went to with Hattie once. *(Coming out of her revery sharply)*—But I'm forgettin' again. My lands, if those children should come in right now, I wouldn't be sure where I put the cookies I baked today. Let me see, *(very slowly and thoughtfully)* the ones with raisins is in the blue crock; the ones with caraway seeds is in the tin box on the pantry shelf. *(Rocks slowly, then collects herself.)* And I mustn't forget the gingerbread men. They're piled in that long drippin' pan on the middle shelf of the cupboard. I was afraid they might get knocked down, and I want all their arms and legs on when the children see them first. My land, I'm talkin' just as if I was sure they was comin'! *(Very slowly)* It *is* kinda strange that I didn't hear from any of them today. I can't quite understand it. The day before Christmas, too. *(Sighs and wipes her eyes, then sits erect.)* But they're good children, every one of them, and they love their mother. It isn't right for me to go on this way. How do I know what might have happened in the city? Like as not Tom's got a big operation first thing Christmas morning, and maybe Jim has to go to court even if it is a holiday. Of course their wives and children would want to stay with them. I wouldn't have left father on Christmas, not even for my own mother, and I wouldn't want any of my sons or daughters to do any different. John and Hattie's comin' in the morning, I reckon, and Katie's young man maybe'll bring her out tonight. Her school wasn't out till four. Of course she couldn't be here yet. I'm a wicked old woman, that's what I am! *(Lapses into silence, and rocks slowly, shaking her head. Music outside. Voices sing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." She puts one hand to her ear, and smiles as she listens.)*

(Looks up at clock, which should be set so as to strike nine.) My lands, it's gettin' awful late. I'll set the candle in the window, then read my Bible and go to bed. *(Places the candle, then opens the large Bible on the table and sits down, drawing the lamp nearer the book.)* I guess I'll read the Christmas story tonight. Father and I always read that Christmas Eve. *(Reads in silence, then closes the book. Starts to rise. Hears a rustle outside. Listens intently.)* I wonder if that door in the kitchen blew open. It sounds as if some one had come in. Guess I'd better look before I go upstairs. *(Stops suddenly.)* And there's some more singin'. How close it sounds! *(Drops into the rocker again, as voices sing "It Came upon the Midnight Clear.")* I guess that door can wait till the song is finished. There isn't anything out there that will freeze. My, but that's pretty. Now, if father and the children was just here ————.

(Door opens slowly, and several heads are visible.)

Tom *(fingers on lips)*—Sh-h-h-.

Hattie *(in a loud whisper)*—She hasn't any idea we're here at all.

Mother *(her eyes closed, her head leaning against the back of the chair)*—I can just close my eyes and see them, every one. Tom's just as big a mischief as ever, if he is a famous doctor; and Jim's city friends would never believe he could feed chickens and milk cows the way he does whenever he comes home. They're all good children. *(Bowing her head and folding her hands.)* Dear Father in Heaven, I'm thankful tonight for my children, even if they are many miles from home, and I'm thankful for father, and for your letting me hear the heavenly music he is hearing tonight. Amen."

(As she sits silent, the children and grandchildren tiptoe in very quietly.)

Katie *(breaking away from the rest)*—I tell you, Tom, I can't wait another minute. She thinks we aren't coming, that we don't care.

Jim *(softly)*—Mother!

Mother *(starting a little)*—That sounds like Jim's voice. I must be dreaming.

Katie *(stepping to the chair and putting her arms about mother)* No, mother, you aren't dreaming. We are all here.

Mother *(rubbing her eyes)*—I thought I had fallen asleep and dreamed you all came home. *(They all crowd around her eagerly.)*

Tom—You might have fallen asleep, but you didn't dream it. We are here.

Mother—I've had a wonderful time tonight, children. I've been hearing the most beautiful music. I 'most imagined it was angels and that I was hearing the same thing father is hearing up in heaven.

Hattie *(to the others)*—We'd better tell her.

Young Tom—It's a radio, grandma! We brought it for your Christmas.

Jim—And we've been setting it up in the kitchen. We expected every minute you'd come out to see what was making all that noise.

Mother—I thought the door blew open, but I was bound I'd hear that song through before I went to close it.

Tom—We've been listening to you talk, mother and—

Small girl—It was terribly hard to keep still, grandma, 'specially when you told 'bout the gingerbread men, but they wouldn't let us say a word.

Jim—I'll say it was hard! Mother, where did you put those caraway cookies?

Mother *(laughing)*—I knew you'd want some the first thing.

Little child *(snuggling in mother's arms)*—I think this is the nicest place in the world to go for Christmas.

Several older ones—So say all of us!

(Some one slips outside, and presently strains of "Joy to the World" are heard. No words are sung, however.)

Mother—Katie, will you play that on the organ? I'd like for all of us to sing it once more, and I think father would like it too.

(Katie opens the organ, and they all gather around it, singing "Joy to the World.")

"CHRISTMAS LIGHTS"

(*A short sketch*)

CAST

Love	Kindness	Good Will
Mirth	Hope	Peace
Happiness	Joy	Lillian

Fairy

Scene—Large room. Christmas tree at back center. No other furnishings. Fairy enters from left and looks around her.

Fairy—"Ah, at last I have found a tree without lights. All evening I have been searching. (*Picks up string of lights from under tree.*) A string of lights, but they are broken. That is why the tree is not lighted. I will call my lights and put them on the tree."

(*Enter Lillian, right; seeing Fairy, is surprised.*)

Lillian—"Who are you?"

Fairy—"I am the Christmas Fairy, and I have come to light your tree."

Lillian—"But the lights are broken, and we can't get any more until tomorrow."

Fairy—"I have my own lights, Christmas Lights that live all through the year, and I will put them on the tree for you."

Lillian—"That will be lovely—but where are they?"

Fairy—"I will summon them." (*She goes first right, then left, and waves her wand. Kindness, Happiness, Mirth and Love enter from right. Hope, Joy, Good Will and Peace enter from left. The fairy stands in the center, the first four girls on her right and the second four on her left. Lillian stands down stage at left.*)

Lillian—"My, they are pretty. Won't you tell me who they are?"

Fairy—"I will let them tell you. For my lights all have a meaning." (*She waves wand over Kindness.*)

Kindness—"I am Kindness, and I would enter into all the hearts this Christmas tide, and say: Be kind through all the year."

(*Fairy waves wand over Hope.*)

Hope—"And I am Hope, the light that brightens hearts, which in despair have almost given up."

(*Fairy waves wand over Happiness.*)

Happiness—"My light is Happiness, and into every heart I send my golden rays."

(*Fairy waves wand over Joy.*)

Joy—"A ray of Joy, it cheers and warms the hearts of those who let it in."

(*Fairy waves wand over Mirth.*)

Mirth—"The light of Mirth, its merriment does much to lighten burdens on life's way."

(*Fairy waves wand over Good Will.*)

Good Will—"Good Will, this wondrous light into each heart should shine, and banish bitter thoughts."

(*Fairy waves wand over Love.*)

Love—"Love is a light that no heart should be without, she longs to enter and bide with thee for aye."

(*Fairy waves wand over Peace.*)

Peace—"Peace—on earth to everyone, my light will gladden thee for all thy days."

(*Fairy takes hand of Kindness and Hope; the rest join hands.*)

Fairy—"And so a string of lights I bring,
This merry Christmas tide,
Just open wide, your hearts to them
And they will enter in."

(*Suitable song to be sung in unison at end of Fairy's verse.*)

Costumes—

Love, white; Hope, red; Mirth, blue; Joy, green; Happiness, yellow; Good Will, purple; Kindness, red; Peace, white; Fairy, white trimmed with silver; Lillian, ordinary dress.

(*Each girl should have a ribbon across her breast bearing her name.*)

"WHAT'S CHRISTMAS?"

(*A Two Act Play for Two Girls and Two Boys.*)

Characters—Tom and Harry, newsboys of the better class. Mary, a newsgirl; Mother of Mary (*this character must be taller than the others.*) Ordinary street suits are worn, the boys are well and comfortably dressed, Mary very poorly and thinly dressed. In the second act Mary and her mother wear indoor suits.

ACT I

Plain Stage.

(*Tom enters R. calling the most popular local paper, Harry the same L. They meet in center and stop.*)

Tom—How's business?

Harry—O, mine is fine, how's yours?

Tom—Good, but next week I'm going on a regular route, a big one, too.

Harry—Do you think you'll make more money that way?

Tom—I don't know as to that, but I'm very sure I'll like it better, this way seems so sort of hap-hazard.

Harry—Yes, but if you have a route, you know, you have to get out rain or shine, hot or cold, but this way you don't. It's nobody's business, when you're just a common "newsy" whether you work or not.

Tom—O yes, it is, for if you play off too much they get so, after a while, they won't let you have any papers.

Harry—O don't you worry about that, all they want is just to sell their papers, and they don't care a cent who takes them, or when, or how many, or how few.

Tom—But, after a while, don't you think they'd find out just who was the shirk and who did the work?

Harry—Well, maybe. Say, I heard a man tell a great story, last night, about himself. When he was a boy he had a paper route with a hundred customers on it, and every Saturday night, each one of those customers gave him a dime, and one night there was a hole in his pocket which he didn't know about, and when he got to the end of his route and put his hand in

his pocket to gather up his dimes, what do you think? They had all leaked out.

Tom—And so he hadn't any?

Harry—No not one, for even the last one had gone with the rest.

Tom—Then, I suppose, he sat down and bawled until a rich man came along and gave him ten dollars, that's the way things go in stories.

Harry—No, sir, that wasn't the way this story went, because, in the first place, he wasn't that kind of a kid, and besides this is a true story and not a book story. It was a dark, cold winter night, but he borrowed a lantern and then went over his route and picked up every one of those hundred dimes.

Tom—Good for him, he was some boy, wasn't he? Well, now I'll tell you a story, although it isn't so good as that one. Over on the other street, around the railroad station, there's a little girl selling papers.

Harry—A little girl?

Tom—Yes sir, I've always sold around the station, but I came away.

Harry—Did you say anything to her?

Tom—Yes, I told her I was going over on Main street and she could have everybody around the station.

Harry—What'd she say?

Tom—I didn't give her time to say anything, I just ran off and let her have all the people.

Harry—Good for you! I bet she sold lots of 'em.

Tom—I guess so, she was handing them out just about as fast as she could make change when I left. (*Girl's voice behind scenes, calling papers.*) Hark, she's coming now. Guess the train people have all left. (*Mary enters R. calling papers.*)

Tom—Hello, sis, had any luck?

Mary—My name is Mary, I don't like to be called Sis.

Tom—Then we'll call you Mary, had any luck?

Mary—Yes, sold all my papers but three.

Tom—That's great, you'll be rich for Christmas.

Mary—Christmas, what's that?

Tom—Don't you know what Christmas is? (*Mary shakes her head.*)

Harry—Don't you go to Sunday School?

Mary—No, not since my pa went away, I haven't anything to wear now.

Tom—Where did your father go?

Mary—We don't know, if we did we'd bring him back and make him earn some money for us.

Harry—Has he been gone long?

Mary—I don't know, but I don't remember him.

Harry—What does your mother work at?

Mary—O, most anything, but some days she's sick and can't work an' then I have to sell papers.

Tom—But, Mary, tomorrow's Christmas, haven't you ever heard about it?

Mary—O, I think I did hear the little girl who lives in the next room to ours, say something about it, but she didn't tell me what you do with it.

Harry—Where do you live, Mary? (*She gives the street and number in a poor locality.*)

Tom—All right, Mary, Harry and I will be at your house tomorrow, and we'll show you what Christmas is, won't we, Harry?

Harry—You bet we will; is there anybody but you and your mother?

Mary—No, just us two, will that make any difference? Can't we have Christmas unless there's a lot of us?

Tom—No, it'll come just the same if there's only two. And now, I've got something else to do the rest of the afternoon, so I'll give you my papers to sell. (*Hands them to her.*)

Harry—And you can have mine, too, I've got to help Tom. (*Hands papers to her and exeunt. She puts them under her arm and goes on across the stage calling the papers.*)

ACT II.

Scene—Very plain, but neat interior. Table at C.

Characters—Mary and her mother, two boys, Tom and Harry.

Mary and her mother discovered.

Mary—They said they'd come today and I'm just sure they will.

Mother—I hope so, dear. Now that I have told you the beautiful story of Christmas it will be dreadful not to have them keep their promise.

Mary—But it will be Christmas, just the same, if they don't come.

Mother—Yes, dear, nothing can ever change that.

Mary (*Putting arms around her mother*)—I am so glad I know about it.

Mother—Yes, dear, and I am so sorry that I did not tell you long ago, but O, dear child, I was so unhappy I couldn't even bear to think of Christmas.

Mary—But you'll not be so unhappy any longer, will you, mother dear, you see we have some good friends now.

Mother—Yes, if they don't get so busy with their own good times, that they forget all about us.

Mary—They'll not, mother, I'm just sure they'll not. You should have seen them, they were such good boys.

Mother (*sighing heavily*)—O, I know, dear, but even good people forget sometimes.

Mary—Well, if they don't come, there is that whole dollar I earned yesterday, just by their goodness, can't you spend that for Christmas? (*A knock.*)

Mary (*jumping up*)—There they are now, I know, I know! (*The mother goes to R. E., Tom and Harry enter laden with bundles of every size and shape. They deposit them on the table, doff their hats, shake hands with Mary and her mother, saying "Merry Christmas," then go out after more bundles, repeating business until the table is loaded. Mary, meanwhile, dancing about and clapping her hands.*)

Harry—And, Mary, here is a present my little sister sent you; his is for your own self. (*Exits again. Mary unwraps bundle nd produces a large doll, which she cuddles and admires, during 'om's next speech.*)

Tom—I must tell you, Mrs. Smith, that my mother and some ther ladies have been talking about you and they have decided hat you are not to work out any more until Mary is older; you re to have a mother's pension, and then, later on, some congenial vork will be found for you. My mother is coming to see you to-norrow, so I'm sure all your hard times are over, and our little Mary will never have to sell papers on the streets again.

Mother—You are all so good and kind, I can't say half I feel. was so ashamed when Mary came home and told me what she ad said about Christmas. It was a wicked thing for me to let er go that way, but I was so unhappy and sick half of the time, hat I just wouldn't think of anything so beautiful and bright as he Christmas story. (*Weeps.*)

Harry (*entering with large bundle*)—O, come now, Mrs. Smith, ust forget it; that's all the in the past. I'm sure there wouldn't nybody have done any differently. But here is a very special undle my mother sent for Mary. You see, I have a little sister. Tom here, poor kid, hasn't any, so his mother can't really tell vhat little girls need. But here are all kinds of clothes for Mary, hoes, and stockings, dresses, coat, hat, gloves and O, everything. So Mary, you can go to Sunday School next Sunday, if you want o.

Mary—Indeed, I do! I used to hear them singing last summer vhen the doors were open, when I was going by. I learned some of their tunes that way. One of them was something about "Work For the Night Is Coming." I've talked to a little girl who lives ear here and has lots of good clothes, but she never goes to Sun-lay School. All she'll do is just to go to the "Movies," and I now I'd rather go to Sunday School. (*All laugh.*)

Tom—Well, now you can go to both.

Harry—And here is an order for a ton of coal. I couldn't get hem to deliver it today, but if you haven't enough to last we'll go ut and get a bushel for you.

Mother—O, yes, we can manage.

Tom—Are you sure you have enough to cook that turkey?

Mother—O, is there a turkey?

Harry—Yes, both our mothers wanted to cook it, but we couldn't wait for that. We wanted to get the stuff here. We were afraid you would think there wasn't any Christmas coming.

Tom—Yes, and Mary would think, then, that we were making up about there being any Christmas.

Mother—O, please don't remind me again of my shortcomings. I don't believe I shall ever forgive myself for that, as it is, and every time you speak of it the worse it seems.

Tom—Well, you see, we are glad of it, because if you had told her all about Christmas, she couldn't have asked "What's Christmas?" And we wouldn't have had all this fun.

Mother—Well, that's true, so I'm glad to have you look at it in that way.

Harry—I'm glad, too, for, to tell you the truth, I have just found out myself what Christmas is, I certainly never knew before.

Tom—Neither did I.

Mother—I have known a great many happy Christmas times in my early days, but I certainly never knew before how thoroughly good and beautiful a Christmas could be.

Mary—And I'll never have to ask again "What's Christmas?"

TABLEAU.

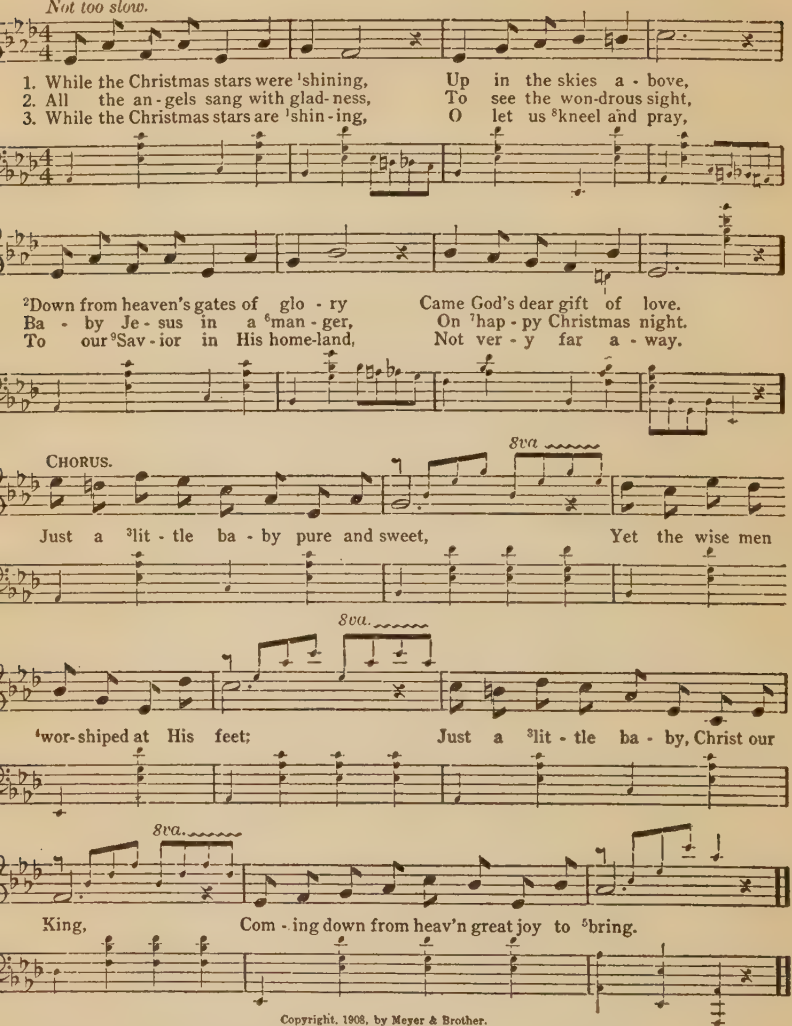
(*Mary seated, holding doll, mother standing behind her, Tom and Harry on either side.*)

CURTAIN.

While Christmas Stars are Shining.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. HOWARD E. SMITH.

Not too slow.


1. While the Christmas stars were [1]shining, Up in the skies a - bove,
2. All the an - gels sang with glad - ness, To see the won-drous sight,
3. While the Christmas stars are [1]shin - ing, O let us [8]kneel and pray,
[2]Down from heaven's gates of glo - ry Came God's dear gift of love.
Ba - by Je - sus in a [6]man - ger, On [7]hap - py Christmas night.
To our [9]Sav - ior in His home-land, Not ver - y far a - way.
CHORUS.
8va
Just a [3]lit - tle ba - by pure and sweet, Yet the wise men
8va.
[4]wor-shiped at His feet; Just a [3]lit - tle ba - by, Christ our
8va.
King, Com - ing down from heav'n great joy to [5]bring.

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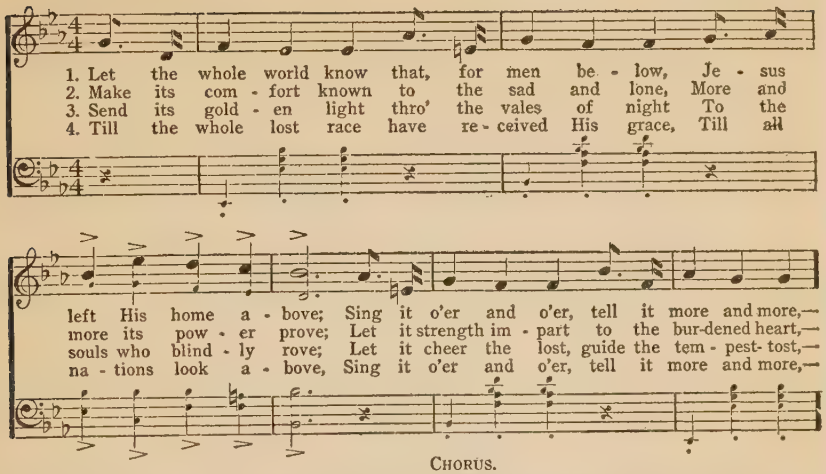
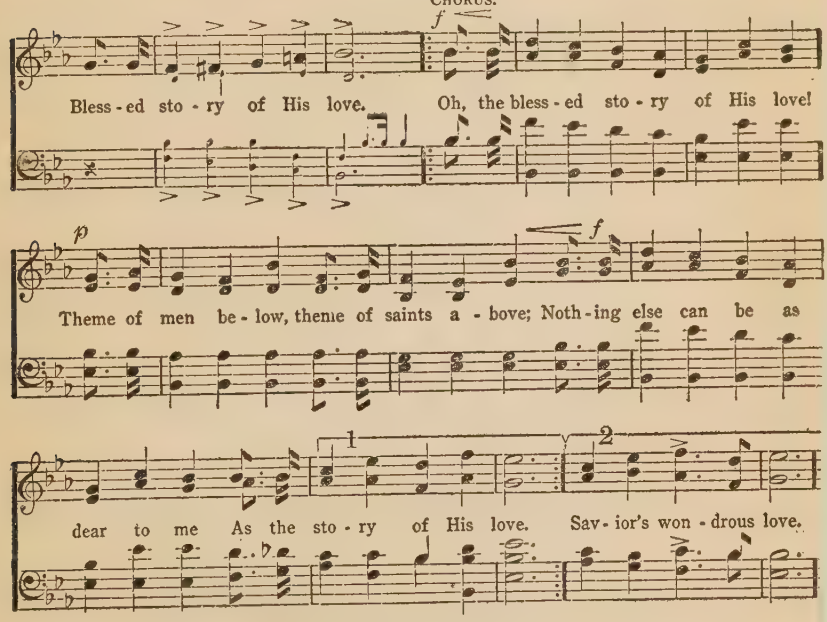
MOTIONS:—1, Hold hands high, make twinkling motion with fingers. 2. Raise right hand high, bring it agonally downwards. 3, Make rocking motion with arms. 4, Fold hands across breast and bow head 5. Hold nds out, as in giving. 6, Point outward and downward. 7, Clap hands. 8, Fold hands, and kneel with bowed ads. 9. Rise and look up.

Blessed Story of His Love.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.


1. Let the whole world know that, for men be - low, Je - sus
2. Make its com - fort known to the sad and lone, More and
3. Send its gold - en light thro' the vales of night To the
4. Till the whole lost race have re - ceived His grace, Till all
left His home a - bove; Sing it o'er and o'er, tell it more and more,—
more its pow - er prove; Let it strength im - part to the bur-dened heart,—
souls who blind - ly rove; Let it cheer the lost, guide the tem - pest- tost,—
na - tions look a - bove, Sing it o'er and o'er, tell it more and more,—

CHORUS.


Bless - ed sto - ry of His love. Oh, the bless - ed sto - ry of His love!
Theme of men be - low, theme of saints a - bove; Noth - ing else can be as
dear to me As the sto - ry of His love. Sav - ior's won - drous love.

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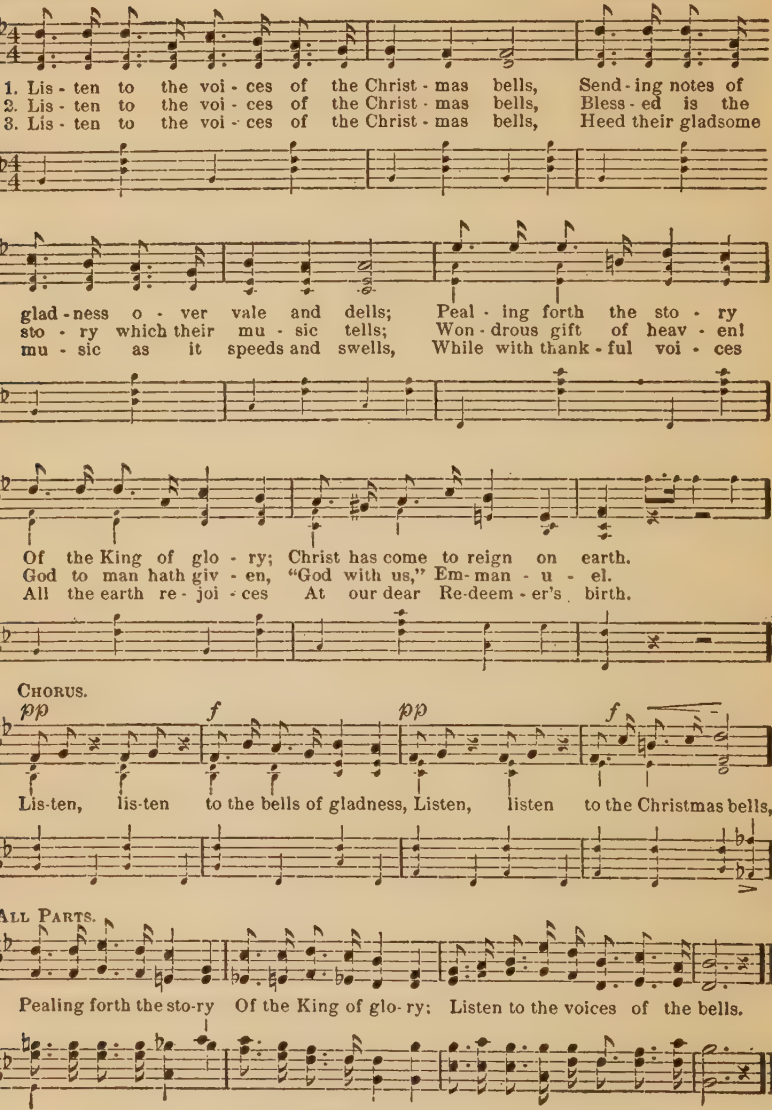
LISTEN TO THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

AMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.


1. Lis - ten to the voi - ces of the Christ - mas bells, Send - ing notes of
2. Lis - ten to the voi - ces of the Christ - mas bells, Bless - ed is the
3. Lis - ten to the voi - ces of the Christ - mas bells, Heed their gladsome
glad - ness o - ver vale and dells; Peal - ing forth the sto - ry
sto - ry which their mu - sic tells; Won - drous gift of heav - en!
mu - sic as it speeds and swells, While with thank - ful voi - ces
Of the King of glo - ry; Christ has come to reign on earth.
God to man hath giv - en, "God with us," Em - man - u - el.
All the earth re - joi - ces At our dear Re-deem - er's birth.
Chorus.
pp
f
pp
f
Lis-ten, lis-ten to the bells of gladness, Listen, listen to the Christmas bells,
All Parts.
Pealing forth the sto-ry Of the King of glo-ry; Listen to the voices of the bells.

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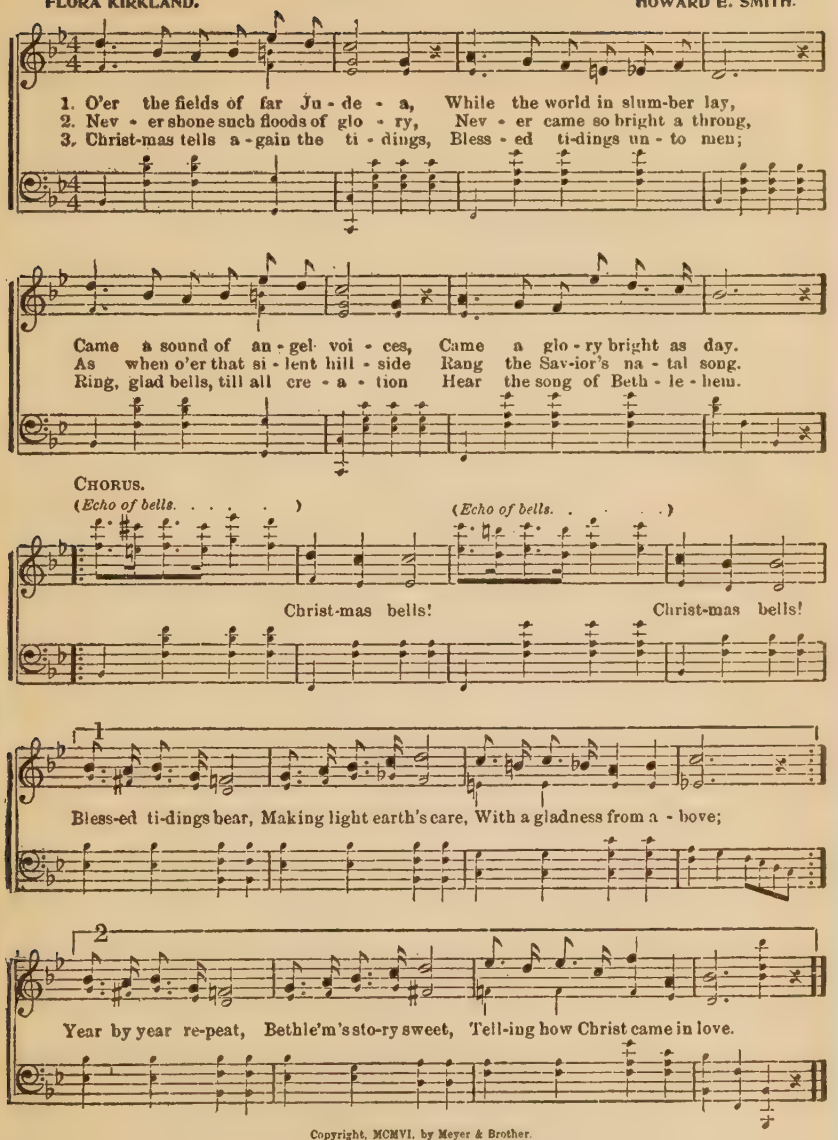
O'ER THE FIELDS.

FLORA KIRKLAND. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O'er the fields of far Ju - de - a, While the world in slum-ber lay,
2. Nev - er shone such floods of glo - ry, Nev - er came so bright a throng,
3. Christ-mas tells a - gain the ti - dings, Bless - ed ti-dings un - to men;
Came a sound of an - gel voi - ces, Came a glo - ry bright as day.
As when o'er that si - lent hill - side Rang the Sav-ior's na - tal song.
Ring, glad bells, till all cre - a - tion Hear the song of Beth - le - hem.
CHORUS.
(Echo of bells. . . . .)
(Echo of bells. . . . .)
Christ-mas bells! Christ-mas bells!
1
Bless-ed ti-dings bear, Making light earth's care, With a gladness from a - bove;
2
Year by year re-peat, Bethle'm's sto-ry sweet, Tell-ing how Christ came in love.

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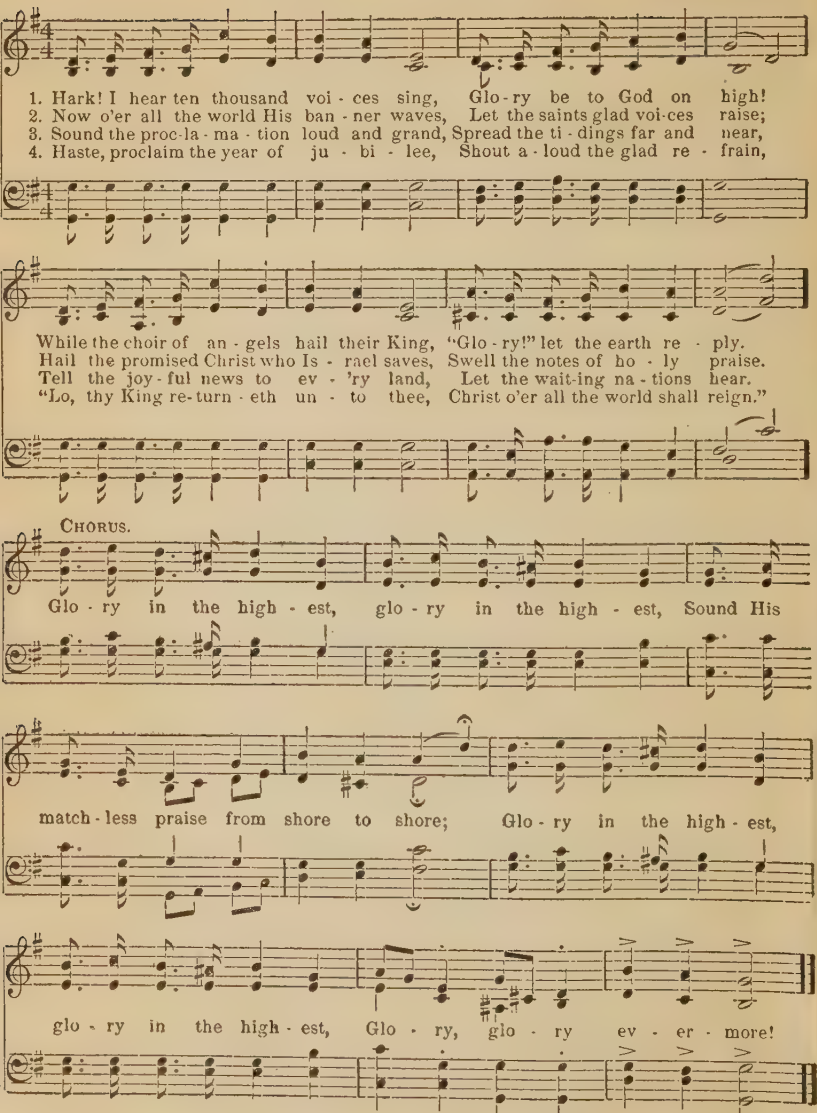
GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.


1. Hark! I hear ten thousand voi - ces sing, Glo - ry be to God on high!
2. Now o'er all the world His ban - ner waves, Let the saints glad voi-ces raise;
3. Sound the proc-la - ma - tion loud and grand, Spread the ti - dings far and near,
4. Haste, proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, Shout a - loud the glad re - frain,
While the choir of an - gels hail their King, "Glo - ry!" let the earth re - ply.
Hail the promised Christ who Is - rael saves, Swell the notes of ho - ly praise.
Tell the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry land, Let the wait-ing na - tions hear.
"Lo, thy King re-turn - eth un - to thee, Christ o'er all the world shall reign."
CHORUS.
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry in the high - est, Sound His
match - less praise from shore to shore; Glo - ry in the high - est,
glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more!

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